

Albert and the Lion

by

Marriott Edgar

There's a famous seaside place called Blackpool,
That's noted for fresh air and fun,
And Mr and Mrs Ramsbottom
Went there with young Albert, their son.

A grand little lad was young Albert,
All dressed in his best; quite a swell
With a stick with an 'orse's 'ead 'andle,
The finest that Woolworth's could sell.

They didn't think much of the Ocean:
The waves, they were fiddlin' and small,
There was no wrecks and nobody drowned,
Fact, nothing to laugh at at all.

So, seeking for further amusement,
They paid and went into the Zoo,
Where they'd Lions and Tigers and Camels,
And old ale and sandwiches too.

There were one great big Lion called Wallace;
His nose were all covered with scars -
He lay in a somnolent posture,
With the side of his face on the bars.

Now Albert had heard about Lions,
How they was ferocious and wild -
To see Wallace lying so peaceful,
Well, it didn't seem right to the child.

So straightway the brave little feller,
Not showing a morsel of fear,
Took his stick with its 'orse's 'ead 'andle
And pushed it in Wallace's ear.

You could see that the Lion didn't like it,
For giving a kind of a roll,
He pulled Albert inside the cage with 'im,
And swallowed the little lad 'ole.

Then Pa, who had seen the occurrence,
And didn't know what to do next,
Said 'Mother! Yon Lion's 'et Albert',
And Mother said 'Well, I am vexed!'
Then Mr and Mrs Ramsbottom -

Quite rightly, when all's said and done -
Complained to the Animal Keeper,
That the Lion had eaten their son.

The keeper was quite nice about it;
He said 'What a nasty mishap.
Are you sure that it's your boy he's eaten?'
Pa said "Am I sure? There's his cap!"

The manager had to be sent for.
He came and he said 'What's to do?'
Pa said 'Yon Lion's 'et Albert,
'And 'im in his Sunday clothes, too.'

Then Mother said, 'Right's right, young feller;
I think it's a shame and a sin,
For a lion to go and eat Albert,
And after we've paid to come in.'

The manager wanted no trouble,
He took out his purse right away,
Saying 'How much to settle the matter?'
And Pa said "What do you usually pay?"

But Mother had turned a bit awkward
When she thought where her Albert had gone.
She said 'No! someone's got to be summonsed' -
So that was decided upon.

Then off they went to the P'lice Station,
In front of the Magistrate chap;
They told 'im what happened to Albert,
And proved it by showing his cap.

The Magistrate gave his opinion
That no one was really to blame
And he said that he hoped the Ramsbottoms
Would have further sons to their name.

At that Mother got proper blazing,
'And thank you, sir, kindly,' said she.
'What waste all our lives raising children
To feed ruddy Lions? Not me!'

The Return of Albert

You've 'eard 'ow young Albert Ramsbottom,
In the Zoo up at Blackpool one year,
With a stick and 'orse's 'ead 'andle,
Gave a lion a poke in the ear.

The name of the lion was Wallace,
The poke in the ear made 'im wild;
And before you could say 'Bob's your Uncle,'
'E'd up and 'e'd swallered the child.

'E were sorry the moment 'e'd done it,
With children 'e'd always been chums,
And besides, 'e'd no teeth in 'is noodle,
And 'e couldn't chew Albert on t'gums.

'E could feel the lad moving inside 'im,
As 'e lay on 'is bed of dried ferns,
And it might 'ave been little lad's birthday,
'E wished 'im such 'appy returns.

But Albert kept kicking and fighting,
Till Wallace arose feeling bad,
And felt it were time that 'e started to stage
A come-back for the lad.

So with 'is 'ead down in a corner,
On 'is front paws 'e started to walk,
And 'e coughed and 'e sneezed and 'e gargled,
Till Albert shot out like a cork.

Old Wallace felt better direc'ly,
And 'is figure once more became lean,
But the only difference with Albert
Was 'is face and 'is 'ands were quite clean.

Meanwhile Mister and Missus Ramsbottom
'Ad gone 'ome to tea feeling blue;
Ma says 'I feel down in the mouth like,'
Pa says "Aye! I bet Albert does too."

Said Ma 'It just goes for to show yer
That the future is never revealed,
If I thought we was going to lose 'im
I'd 'ave not 'ad 'is boots soled and 'eeled.

'Let's look on the bright side,' said Father
'What can't be 'elped must be endured,
Every cloud 'as a silvery lining,
And we did 'ave young Albert insured.'

A knock at the door came that moment,
 As Father these kind words did speak,
 'Twas the man from t' Prudential,
 E'd called for their 'tuppence per person per week.'

When Father saw who 'ad been knocking,
 'E laughed and 'e kept laughing so,
 That the young man said 'What's there to laugh at?'
 Pa said 'You'll laugh an' all when you know.'

'Excuse 'im for laughing,' said Mother,
 'But really things 'appen so strange,
 Our Albert's been ate by a lion,
 You've got to pay us for a change.'

Said the young feller from the Prudential,
 'Now, come come, let's understand this,
 You don't mean to say that you've lost 'im?'
 Ma says 'Oh, no! we *know* where 'e is.'

When the young man 'ad 'eard all the details,
 A bag from 'is pocket he drew,
 And he paid them with interest and bonus,
 The sum of nine pounds four and two.

Pa 'ad scarce got 'is 'and on the money,
 When a face at the window they see,
 And Mother says 'Eeh! look, it's Albert,'
 And Father says 'Aye, it would be.'

Young Albert came in all excited,
 and started 'is story to give,
 And Pa says 'I'll never trust lions again,
 Not as long as I live.'

The young feller from the Prudential
 To pick up his money began,
 And Father says 'Eeh! just a moment,
 Don't be in a hurry, young man.'

Then giving young Albert a shilling,
 He said 'Pop off back to the Zoo.
 'Ere's your stick with the 'orse's 'ead 'andle,
 Go and see what the Tigers can do!'